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YA-400



Spring 1960

They said it couldn't
be done...
They said nobody
could do it...
but —

L&M is
Low
in tar

with
More
taste to it

Don't settle for one without the other!

©1959 LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY

"L&M is kindest to your taste because L&M combines the two essentials of modern smoking," says TV's Jack Lescoulie.

LOW TAR: L&M's patented filtering process adds extra filter fibers electrostatically, crosswise to the stream of smoke... makes L&M truly low in tar.

MORE TASTE: L&M's rich mixture of slow-burning tobaccos brings you more exciting flavor than any other cigarette.

LIVE MODERN — CHANGE TO MODERN L&M



"I've shaken every human hand that's manicured and squeezable."

The Very Model of a Modern College President

Sir. W. S. Gilbert

I am the very model of a modern college president.
 I'm always on the job, though nearly always a non-resident,
 I tour about the country to assemblies gastronomical
 And make all sorts of speeches from sublime to broadly comical,
 I keep the trustees calm and the alumni all benevolent,
 Restrain all sorts of riot and publicity malevolent,
 I know the market value of each wage-slave professorial,
 And how much less he'll take for honorarium tutorial.
 I'm on to all the low intrigues and rivalries divisional,
 And on the budget how I wield my fountain pen excisional!
 So though I pile up mileage being generally non-resident,
 I am the very model of a modern college president.

I mix with all the business kings—the Lions and the Rotary,
 Of heiresses and oil-tycoons I am a hopeful votary.
 I'm fond of giving dinners in a lay-out that is squiffical,
 And talking on the radio in accents quite pontifical.
 I use the phrase "distinguished guest" at every opportunity,
 I welcome all alumni to my parlor every June at tea,
 And though I like to see the neutrals' lonely hearts-that-burn at ease,
 I always have a kindly word to say about fraternities,
 I've shaken every human hand that's manicured and squeezable,
 I pass the hat among the rich, the buck wherever feasible,
 So though I pile up mileage being generally non-resident,
 I am the very model of a modern college president!

Harold A. Larrabee

Ya-Hoo Crossword Contest

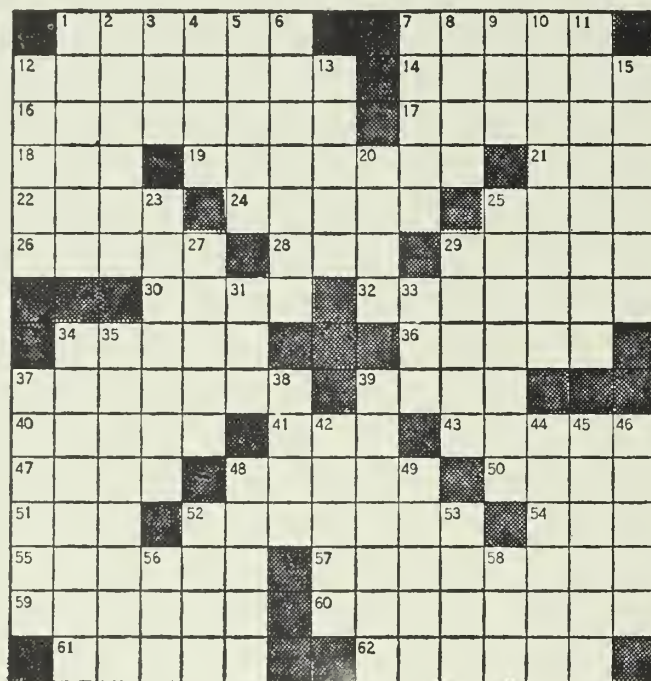
YA-HOO takes pride in announcing its annual contest open to all subscribers, Faculty, and students not associated with the magazine. *YA-HOO* will pay ten dollars (\$10.00) for the first correct solution bearing the earliest postmark. The Editorial Board of *YA-HOO* will be the sole judges and their decisions will be final. No entries can be returned.

Submit your entry now! Only one (1) person entered last year's contest so he had to win! The Official Solution will be published in the next edition of *YA-HOO* and winners will be announced in the *COLLEGIAN*. Deadline for entries: April 30, 1959.

A sealed envelope containing the correct solution is on record in the offices of Recognized Student Organizations.

ACROSS

1. Precarious
7. Mestizo
12. Holy Bible
14. Disavow
16. Cameral
17. Regalia
18. Two in Hieroglyphics
19. Rootlet
21. 17th Century Romantic Movement
22. Museum in Jerusalem
24. Pulitzer Prize Winner 1952 (Literature)
25. To Unite
26. Former Heavyweight Champion
28. River in Ireland
29. Woman Suffragist
30. Succursal
32. Mason Henderson, For example
34. Systole
36. 18th Century Psychologist
37. Trinket
39. One Who Intimidates
40. Syntax (Pl.)
41. Southern Migratory Bird



43. Nov. 17, 1934
47. Buffoon (Local)
48. Brother To Fidel
50. Prominent Protestant Churchman
51. To Subsist
52. Fiance' (Eng.)
54. D.M.S.
55. Baseball Great
57. Famous Detergent
59. Stainless Steel Pica Ruler
60. 16th Century Adventurer
61. Belches
62. Local Disciplinary Agent

DOWN

1. Olympic Champion (1936)
2. Polly Adler
3. To Modify
4. "Barkis is Willin' "
5. To Rip Asunder
6. Hillaire Belloc
7. Calendar
8. Sumptuous Food
9. Virginia Military Institute (AB.)
10. Affirmative
11. Third Wonder of the World
12. Famous Paperhanger
13. Radiological Warfare
15. Subject To Decay
20. Astute
23. June 27, 1959
25. 25 Across
27. N.Y. Times
29. Micky Jelke
31. Elder British Statesman
33. Tube
34. "—Jazz Festival"
35. The Berkshires
37. Delphi Llama
38. Emulsifying Solvent
39. "D" Day, 6th of June
42. Sorbotal
44. Market Index
45. Army Platoon Formation
46. "Gaza Strip"
48. Devil (Familiar)
49. April 8, 1937
52. Plato's Friend
53. Domesticated Reptile
56. Kudo
58. To Terminate

Massachusetts

YA-HOO



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MASS HYSTERIA



A Modest Proposal

Since it has been commonly observed that the more diminutive specimens of the human race are equipped with reflexes and agilities in the main vastly superior to those enjoyed by the more ponderous specimens of humanity, and since these superior qualities are indicative of an inherent mental superiority, a logical consequence of reasoning due to the fact that intellect is the motivating force of all but the most elementary and primitive responses, it is only reasonable that the segment of mankind of greatest value is that part which is characterised by its smallness of stature.

By basing all further actions upon that infallible premise it will surely follow that the mean ills which sorely afflict the educational systems of the various states, more particularly this parcel of the nation which is held so dear by us, cannot be but ameliorated and cured in a fashion both swift and devoid of that pain which so often accompanies panaceas of likened nature.

Through the diligent application of the various principles arising from the works of an assiduous Austrian monk, it becomes inevitable that the preponderance of behemoths in the genus homo-sapiens could be eradicated, and in their stead a race of nuruscule proportioned humans of inherently superior intellect would flourish.

Once such a superior breed has been established the costs arising from the public's demand of luxury, most notably the noxious educational

demands so popular; more specifically the state operated public resorts situated in Amherst, Bridgewater, Salem, and other communities, would with immutable certainly decline to a point approximating ridiculousness.

The greatly reduced size of the students would allow numbers vastly in excess of the present number to attend classes of all sorts without the costly requirements of erecting new educational plants. Furthermore by importing faculties from adjacent, or even more distant, states, which due to their laxity and decadence have subsidized their intellectual factories instead of allowing the more obvious and intelligent course, diminution, to cure the ills of a preference for intellectuality, the Commonwealth could acquire instructors of great physical size. By procuring these gigantic pedagogues the student-teacher weight ratio could be maintained at a level superior to that currently in favour. In addition, since the instructors will quickly perceive the intellectual superiority that is the natural companion to miniature size they will, save in instances of the utmost depravity, shun wages that would allow for the purchase of foodstuffs conducive to obesity, and would petition for a lowering of the wage scale which has over the past years assumed such monumental proportions as to enforce sumptuousness upon even those instructors, sires of several children, whose every propensity runs toward Spartan healthfulness.

Should the viciousness of these instigators of individuality, an ideology completely antithetical to

togetherness, have been underestimated there still remains a manner in which the inevitable surplus of educators, a cumbersome load which must be sustained by honest society, may be made uninevitable. This cure may be incorporated into the instruction of the various disciplines. Were the instructors required to instruct in the manner of presentation of parables, it would be possible to use the various levels of comprehension particular and peculiar to parables to instruct several disciplines simultaneously. After a minimum amount of experimentation it is feasible that every line of study could be taught by one man, in one place, at one time, which would not only allow for a further reduction in the number of requisite educational plants, a reduction in the number of superfluous pedants, and by allowing the necessary instructors more free time allow them to engage in works helpful to mankind, such as may be done in conjunction with Public Works directives.

It may be argued that certain subjects, notably the sciences, will not easily lend themselves to such an enlightened method of instruction. However, since the worth of such subjects is very suspicious, it is worthless to argue such inanities.

By ordaining these measures, which cannot but cut the exorbitant costs of the luxury of education, which in itself serves only to stifle the natural ingenious tendencies manifest in the bulk of our untoured masses and destroy the spirit described by Rousseau which resides within them due to their non-exposure to social evils rampant in educational systems, and increasing the revenues of this luxury by means of applying a raised tuitionial rate to the increased number of students the treasury may be overflowed, and new multi-coloured signs, requiring frequent refurbishings may be erected by the sides of our spendid highways.

"FOR ENGINEERS ONLY

Aha! You are reading this and you're not even an engineer. This proves conclusively that you are a moral degenerate. I shall prove this latter charge beyond a shadow of a doubt by an intricate testing program known only to me and four African Witch Doctors (three from Yale and one from Harvard; they came from the better section of Africa anyway).

Before I can begin this testing program I must give you an admonition to be scholarly. Are you prepared?

Here it is: I admonish you to be scholarly. Now as this examination will be conducted on the honor system take the odd seats in alternate rows. Now down to the problems at hand.

Problem The One: Three graduate students, one of whom wore glasses, were out walking one day (their bicycles were being psychoanalysed) when they came to a large fence. Two of the graduate students neatly jumped over it, while the third insisted upon crawling under it. On reaching the other side the graduate student who had climbed under the fence (he was also the one wearing glasses) whipped out his slide rule, worked at it for a moment, and then announced: "Now there are three and a half of us." Explain, using specific material from "Braun's Theory of Thermodynamics"

Answer The One: Elementary. The graduate student with the glasses was an English Major who didn't know how to work a slide rule (also to be accepted are: a. His glasses were dirty; b. He hit his head while crawling under).

If you answered this incorrectly you are a moral degenerate if you answered it correctly you are a moral degenerate; you are a moral degenerate.

Problem The Two: If four dinosaurs can do a piece of work in six hours how long would $3\frac{1}{2}$

In a gray flannel
split
level society
ants scurry out
from their white picket encom-
passed islands
and sail forth from suburbia
in wide finned chargers
or seethe into holes in the
ground
to be jostled
towards communities of shin-
ing towers
not even seeing
the organisms around them

they
pour
out
the meat of their brains
over coffee
and cocktails
and return
to their islands
always seeking
searching
crying out
for security
but
no one hears

E. Reeve Stoler

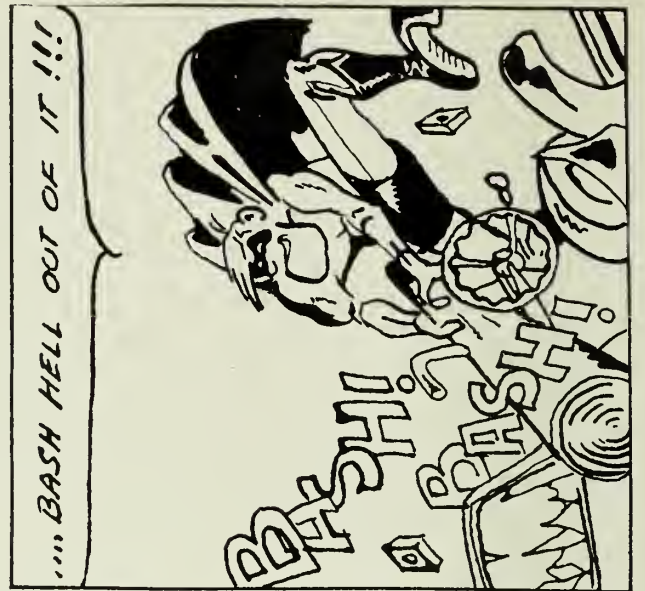
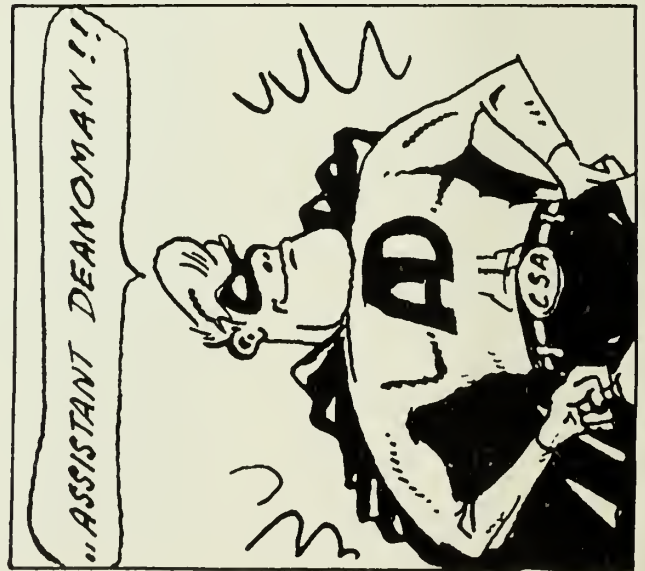
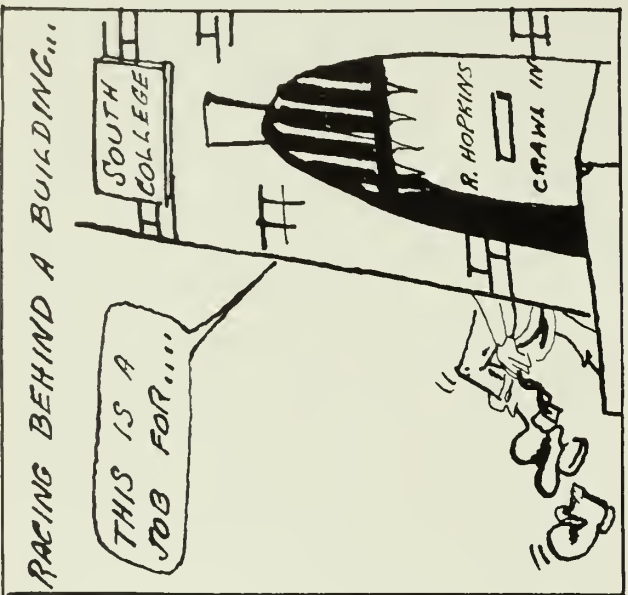
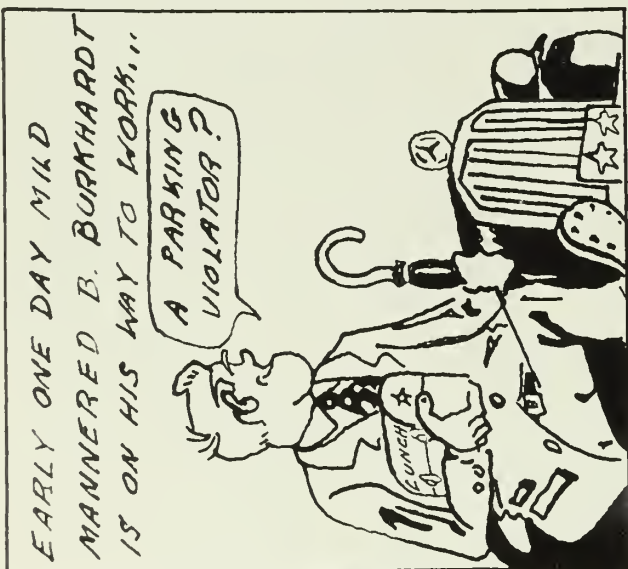
Ya-Hoo, renowned for its contribution appeals, now solicits constitutions from its undergraduate readers. No experience is required, simply state in as verbose a manner as possible what you feel should be the governing policies of this magazine. An illuminated scroll will be awarded for the best constitution submitted and we offer the presidency of the student senate as a special booby prize. Contact any senate representative for further details. Naturally, members of the student senate are not eligible.

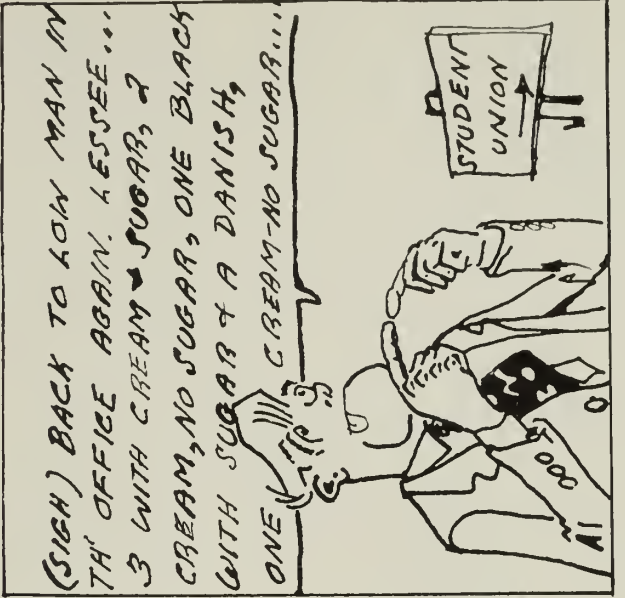
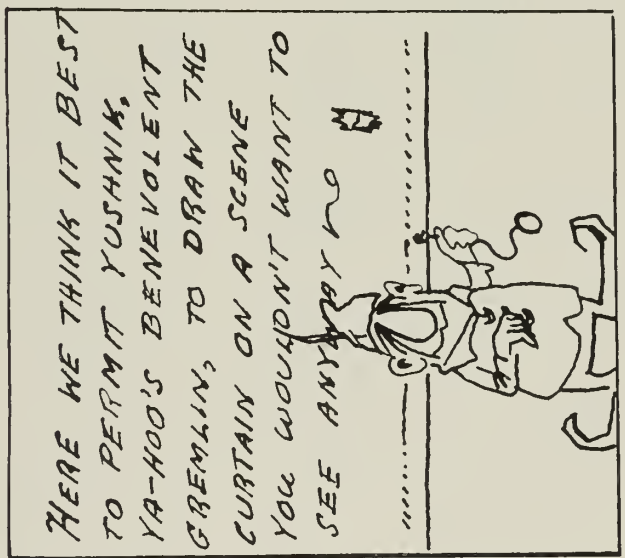
The old order changeth, making way for the new, and with this issue of *Ya-Hoo* the senior editorial members pack their limited belongings and move on to greener pastures. We have attempted during the past few years to give you as concise a sampling of collegiate humor as we were capable of presenting. Needless to say, it's been a great deal of fun. Beginning with the next issue, Jack Pasanen will reign as Editor-In-Chief, with Ed Stoler leading the Editorial Board as Assistant Editor. We wish them luck. They'll need it. *To Hell With The Student Senate!*



Did You Ever Think You Might Need A Man's Deodorant?

ASSISTANT DEANOMAN







SATAN AND SAM FAUST

(YA-HOO, for the first time, is including within its hallowed pages a short story. We would appreciate your comments.)

ence: preaching from political platforms, balancing government budgets, and even occasionally directing traffic. Usually they are highly proficient workers, but Clautious is the bane of my existence.

All of us here have become quite modern. The horns, tail, and cloven hoof disappeared just as soon as the first fee-splitting plastic surgeon entered our gates and applied for a commission. All of us have become quite modern that is, with the exception of Clautious. He still insists on appearing in public clad in that ridiculous medieval attire, talking in "thee's" and "thy's" just as we did centuries ago, and making enemies galore by walking about the inferno with his "Eviler Than Thou" attitude. The lad is such a trial.

I suppose everything really started a short time ago when Clautious returned from his two year tour of duty and came racing towards me, screaming at the top of his lungs: "Hail! Oh Spirit of Negation!" "Oh, Roamer of Worlds!"

"Oh, Shut up!" I roared, as I grasped him by the front of his tunic and menaced him with an oversized fist. "One of these days, Clautious my boy," I warned, losing my usual cheery disposition, "I'm going to forget myself and pummel you one."

"Thou shouldst knock off the strong arm stuff, Oh Tarzan of the Styx; methinks I have something thou wouldst like to know." And so, having made a mental note to change Clautious' sphere from cabdriving to one less detrimental to his vocabulary, I released him saying simply, "De-tails Clautious, details boy!"

"Well," he began, backing away with an aggravating smirk on his face, "methinks thou hast another

Doctor Faust on thy hands." Just then I began to feel very ill and started wishing I had gone straight.

You see, a few hundred years ago some cultural degenerate wrote a book about a Doctor Faust who sold his soul to me in return for earthly treasures. You'd think that everyone would realize he was just joking, but no, every so often I have to contend with these idiotic bargainers who stand upon their constitutional rights and demand that I buy their souls *in like manner*, blissfully inconsiderate of the fact that I don't want to buy their souls. Hell, as of late, has become such a drawing card that *eventually* I hope to reach the point where nobody, but nobody, will be able to get in here without a careful screening, at least three interviews, and a vote by the present occupants on the blackball system. Still, I have to contend with these idiotic bargainers who'd only give the place a bad name anyway.

"More Clautious," I said, striving desperately to hold myself in check, "I must know more."

"This'll burn thee boss," Clautious began, with his perpetually crummy pun, "but his name is truly Faust, and he claims to be a doctor of motors in a garage outside Brooklyn!" With that Clautious burst into such an insane peal of laughter that I slapped his face back and forth a few times and was on the verge of sending him into the coal pits for a century or two, when it suddenly occurred to me that if a trial were approaching, I was going to need all the help I could muster. Setting Clautious gently down with a slight twist of the left horn, I began pacing to and fro,

I have no doubts whatsoever that you all have heard of me. I am that Spirit of Negation commonly called Satan, Old Nick, Mephistopheles (if you're educated), or even that most original of all epithets: "The Devil". The cruder elements of society have yet other ways of describing me, but I will not condescend to utter them.

Before I even begin, I would like it clearly understood that the story I am about to relate is quite true and not at all unique. It is just one of the many similar trials I am forced to undergo in the span of eternity. A span which, if I may be permitted a pun, seems to last forever.

It all started with Clautious. Clautious, for the more ignorant among you, is one of those spirits I have roaming the world to make sure everything goes wrong. You've probably already seen one of two of them in their respective spheres of influ-

Continued on page 18

"What kind of roommate do you have?"

"Well, last night he hit his knee on a chair, and said, 'Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects'."

Platonic love is like being invited down into the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale.

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried another epileptic out of his shop."

"What would you have if you cut one thousand bras in half?"

"Two thousand beanies with chin straps."

What is the name of the drink you have when you mix Vodka, Orange Juice, and Milk of Magnesia?
I give up, what is it?
A Phillips Screwdriver.

The sign in the restaurant window read: "\$500 reward to anybody who orders something we can't furnish."

When fast-buck Charley read the sign, he decided to pick up what he thought would be an easy \$500. When the waitress approached him, he said, "Bring me an elephant ear sandwich." Hurrying to the kitchen, the girl said to the chef, "Better get ready to fork over five hundred bucks. There's a guy out front who wants an elephant ear sandwich."

"What!" bellowed the chef, "you mean to tell me we're out of elephant ears?"

"No, we're not out of elephant ears," replied the waitress, "but we ain't got no more of them big buns."

Lady: Doctor, I blush so easily—
if I sit down and think, I blush.
What can I do about it?

Doctor: Think of something else.



Sometimes I almost feel that he's trying to tell us something.

A colored preacher was hearing a confession. In the middle of it he stopped the young sinner, saying, "Young man, you ain't confessing, you's braggin'."

One sailor to another: "I would have joined the Marines but they found out my mother and father were married."

The Lone Ranger and Tonto were riding on the plains when they saw a band of 10,000 Indians riding toward them. Turning to flee, they saw another band of 10,000 Indians riding toward them from the opposite direction. Looking to the right, still another. The Lone Ranger clutched Tonto's arm: "What will we do now, Tonto?"

Tonto shrugged: "What do you mean 'we', white man?"

A certain Persian Shah went on a hunting trip, leaving his second in command, the Shan, in charge of the palace. One day the Shan went berserk and raced through the palace slaughtering people with his heavy sword.

The same evening the Shah returned. The first sight that greeted him was that of two servants picking up dismembered torsos and putting them in a basket. When the Shah inquired as to what had happened, the first servant looked up and said, "Where were you when the fit hit the Shan?"



Now there's a guy that's gonna be hard to beat!

ATTENTION ALUMNI:

Since you, the past graduating classes of dear old UMieland have shown so great an interest in this, our alma mater, we the class of 2001, will endeavor to show you the progress we have made in the four years we have been here. Perhaps the best way to do so would be to tell you the story of Skidwell Lump and his career at the University. We feel that through Skidwell's adventures we can present to you a clear picture of our college days. So let us begin.

Skidwell Lump, '01, was not destined to be a BMOC, or, in fact, any kind of MOC. When he stepped out of his rocket ship what was once the parking lot in front of the Cage, and stared about him at the plate glass buildings (shatterproof) and overhead conveyor belt systems, he knew that he was destined to be only a small, small part of this buzzing, booming mass of intellectuality.

He walked slowly toward a young man who had just hopped off the parking lot conveyor belt, and asked the way to the men's dormitories. The other young man, evidently a BMOC since he wore a small maroon key on his space helmet, looked down at our hero with a sneer and pointed to a conveyor belt leading somewhere into the wide blue yonder. Skidwell thanked him, clambered on, fell off, but undauntedly tried again, and at last was triumphantly on his way to the place where he would spend his most fruitful years.

During the next few hours Skidwell registered for his courses by merely writing out his course schedule on a card and feeding it to an IBM machine which was installed in his room. Then he went to bed, having nothing better to do.

The next morning marked the first day of classes for Skidwell. He sat down in his room, flicked on his wall sized color TV set by remote control, dialed it to Machmer E12, and settled down, notebook in hand to watch his lectures for the day.

Skidwell was not a very social animal and did not meet people easily. He sat in his room for the first full semester and got his meals from the handy dinner machines installed in every corridor. Needless to say, the proceeds from these machines went to the space rocket team for new vacuum suits and super space helmets.

But one day right before finals, Skidwell's TV set fizzled and died. He was upset. He was panicked. He had no friends to go to. He pondered his impossible situation until his head ached. Then he got up, walked dazedly out of the dorm for the first time since he arrived, blinked at the brightness of the sunlamps placed all around the campus to melt the snow and provide a healthy atmosphere for those who ventured outside, and headed in the direction of Amherst Village.

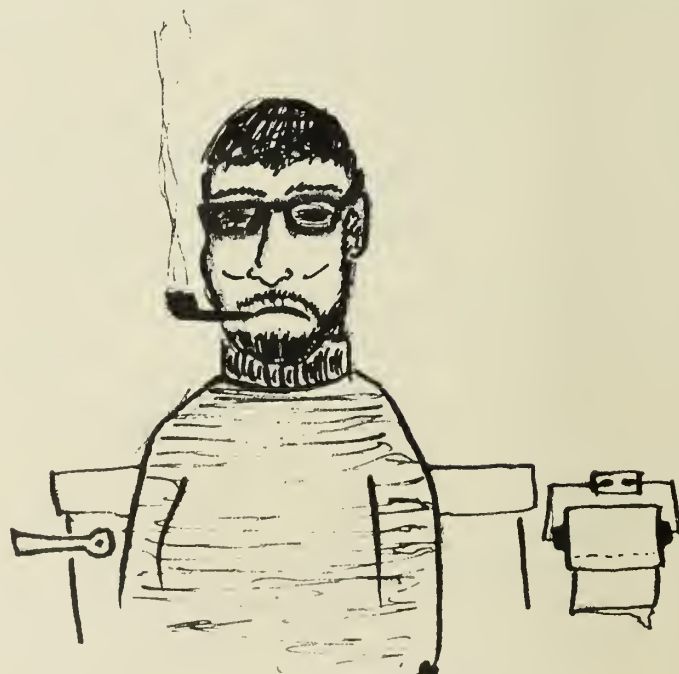
When he arrived in town he had become accustomed to the light and looked around him with a frightened, but curious gaze. He saw a bright glassed-in structure with a sign in front saying 'The Amherst Cinema', featuring the latest movie, "Brave

Old World", on their new circular screen. Diagonally across the street from this impressive building Skidwell saw a dingy brown-grey stone building. It was different from all the other tall, glass-encrusted structures, he could tell. He was fascinated by it. It seemed to draw him to it. He found himself walking up the chipped concrete steps to its warped wooden veranda and then through the front door. As he entered the edifice, he heard sounds that he had never heard before. People were laughing and talking, glasses were clinking, and before he could turn and run away, a crowd of young people in the latest space togs had come through the door and pushed him ahead of them into the bar. Before he knew it, he had a bottle in his hand labeled *Beer*. The crowd of people mistook him for one of them and he was soon laughing and talking and drinking with them.

Needless to say, Skidwell, being a creature of habit, did not leave this establishment for weeks. This being the case, he flunked his finals, but he didn't care because he had new vistas open to him now.

Old Institutions Are The Best.

Karen Johnston



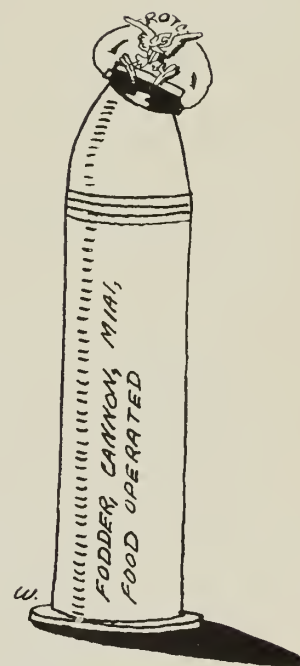
If only it weren't so damn middle class.

THE ROTC CADET OFFICER

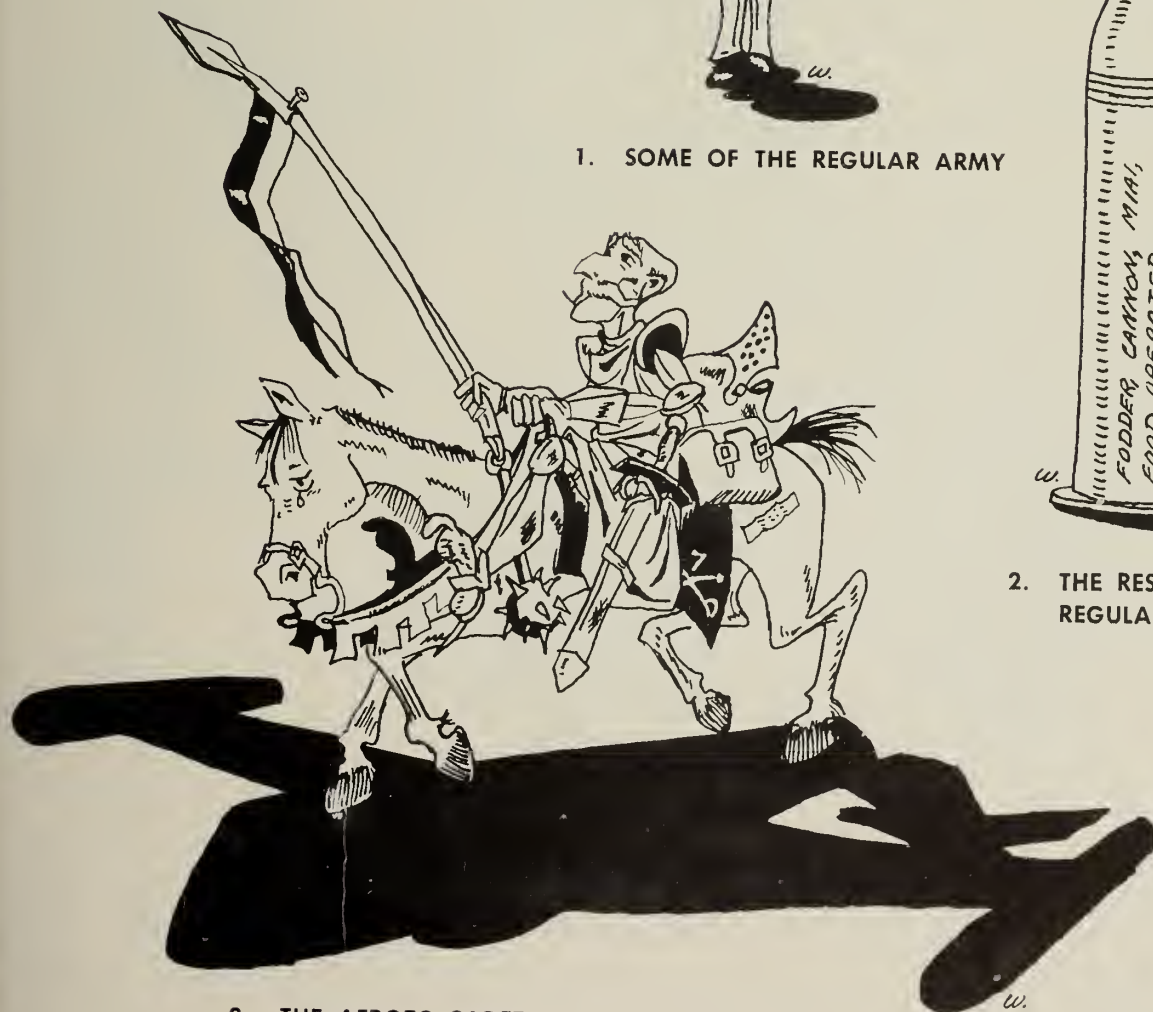
As seen by ...



1. SOME OF THE REGULAR ARMY

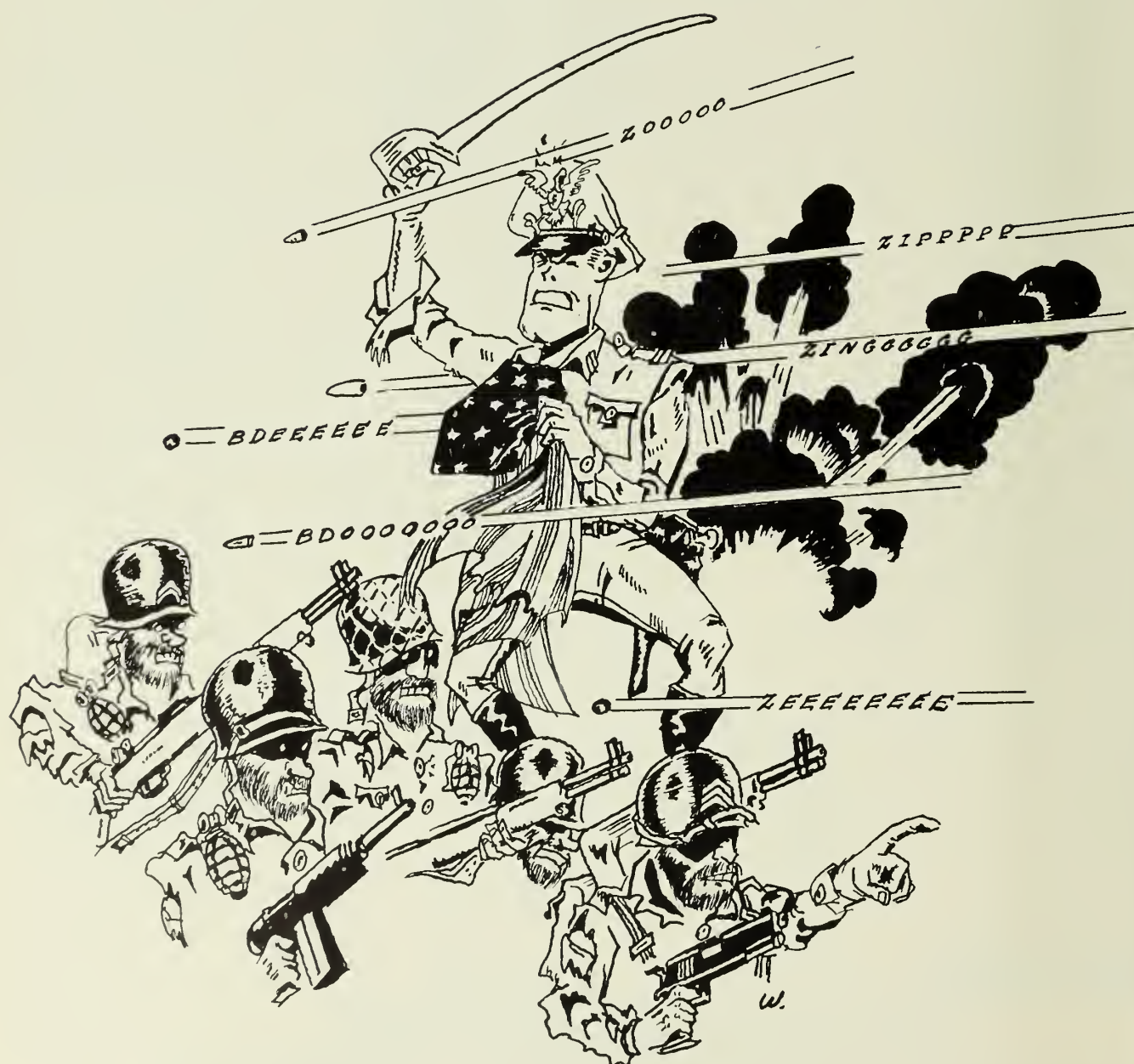


2. THE REST OF THE REGULAR ARMY



3. THE AFROTC CADET

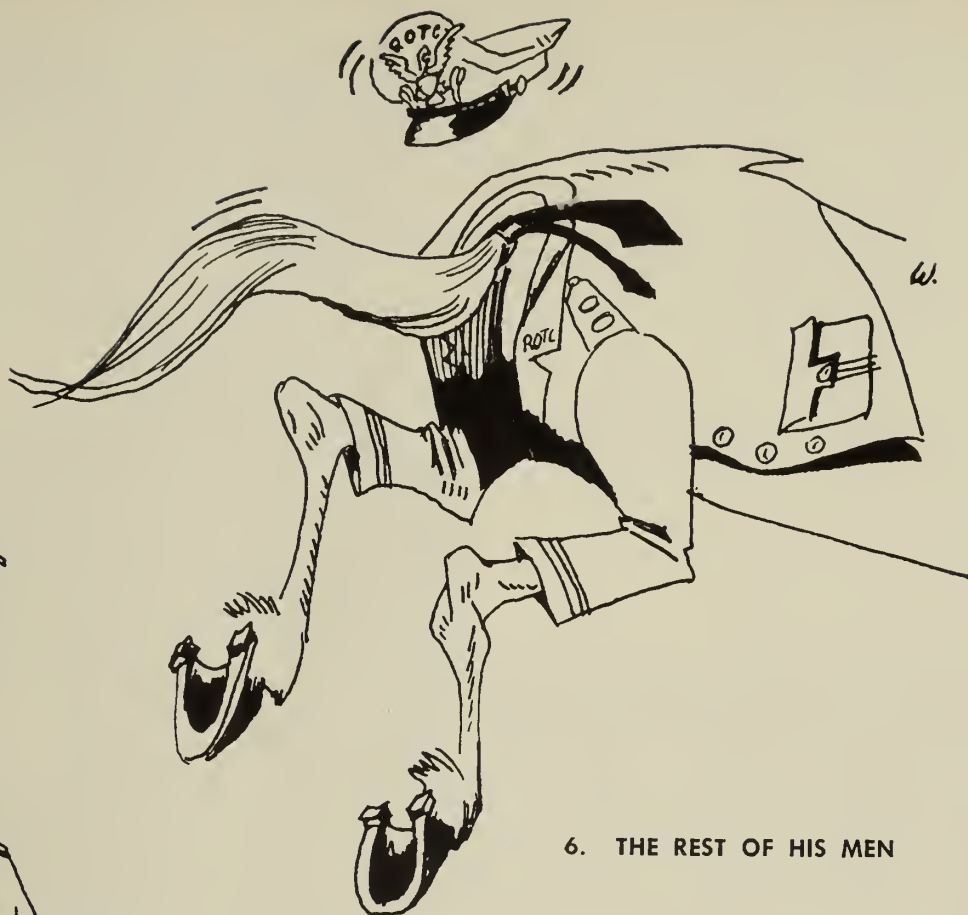
THE R.O.T.C. CADET OFFICER AS SEEN BY ...



4. HIMSELF



5. SOME OF HIS MEN



6. THE REST OF HIS MEN



7. AN RA DRILL SERGEANT

-TRACY WILSON



YA-HOO QUEEN



Our lovely Ya-Hoo Queen this issue is Lois Anderson, a winsome lass from Leach House. Lois, a physical education major, may be seen gracing the beaches of the Cape in the summer. A member of Junior Naiads and a pledge to Kappa Kappa Gamma, Lois has enthusiastically launched her college career.

Photos—Don Witkoski

Clothes—courtesy of Hanley's
Greenfield and Amherst



Sophie: "I can't see why you want to marry Bob. He's just an everyday sort of man."

Hattie: "Gee, what more can any girl want in a husband."

The new mother of triplets was gushing. "And to think, it only happens once in every 185,875 times!" "That's wonderful," agreed her friend. "But when do you find time to do your housework?"

Zeke McCoy had just married Nellie Martin and off they went to a cabin in the mountains for a honeymoon. He had only been gone one day when he suddenly stormed into his pappy's cabin.

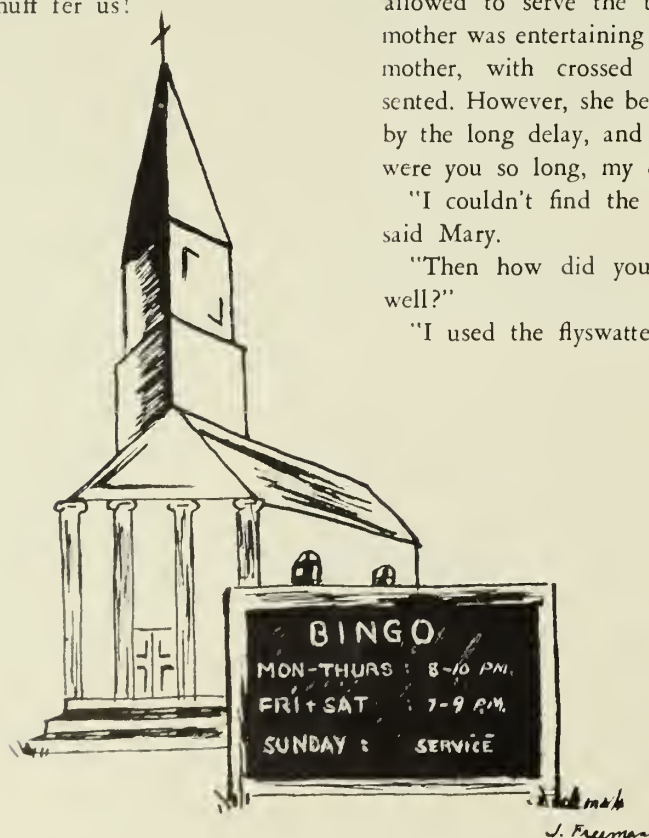
His pappy said, "Where's yore woman, son?"

Zeke countered, "I done shot her, paw!"

"What fer?" said the old man.

"She were a virgin, Paw."

"Ya done right, son; if she weren't good nuff for her own folk, she ain't good nuff fer us!"



Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

What do you want me to do—put a zipper on it?

Hear about the man who had a shock-proof, unbreakable, waterproof, anti-magnetic watch? He lost it.

It happened aboard a trans-Atlantic liner. A steward was walking along the promenade deck with a large bowl of soup when the ship rolled exceptionally hard and he dumped the entire bowl onto the shirt front of a passenger sleeping in a deck chair. Thinking fast, the steward awoke the man and said, consolingly, "I do hope you're feeling better now, sir."

Mark Anthony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Servant: "She's in bed with laryngitis."

Mark: "Damn those Greeks."

Little Mary insisted that she be allowed to serve the tea when her mother was entertaining her club. Her mother, with crossed fingers, consented. However, she became annoyed by the long delay, and asked, "Why were you so long, my dear?"

"I couldn't find the tea strainer," said Mary.

"Then how did you strain it so well?"

"I used the flyswatter."

A proud couple decided to send their precious offspring to one of those progressive (public) schools that are in such fashion now. When his first report card came in, it said he was a wonderful pupil, the brightest boy in his class. The parents were naturally pleased, and, at a party they were having at their home later, they wanted to show off what a bright young lad their's was.

"How do you spell 'children', Tommy?" they asked him.

He hesitated and then chopped out, "C-H-I-L-L-D-I-R-N".

The parents were horrified and when the guests began to snicker, his mother declared, "Johnny that's terrible spelling! I thought your teacher said you were the best pupil in the class!"

"I know it."

"But you can't spell."

"Yeh, but I'm socially adjusted as hell!"

A young lady was on a sight-seeing tour of Detroit. Going out Jefferson Avenue, the driver of the bus called out the points of interest.

"On the right, we have the Dodge home," he announced.

"John Dodge?" the lady inquired.

"No, Horace Dodge."

Continuing out Jefferson.

"On the right we have the Ford home."

"Henry Ford?"

"No, Edsel Ford."

Still farther out Jefferson.

"On the left, we have the Christ Church."

A fellow passenger, hearing no response from the young woman, tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Go ahead, lady, you can't be wrong all the time."

"Are you the young man who risked his life to save my son from drowning when he fell through the ice?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, where the hell are his mittens?"



1. Hey Mom, you'll never guess what happened to me today! No, I haven't been fighting with Jay.



2. I saw Alice Perry at recess today and she said that—



3. No, you're thinking of Betty Ball—Alice is the girl who comes over here to watch T.V. when you and Dad go shopping on Saturday.



4. Well, remember last week when you and Dad were gone all Saturday afternoon and Alice and I were all alone—



5. Well, I saw her today and she isn't positive yet but she thinks—

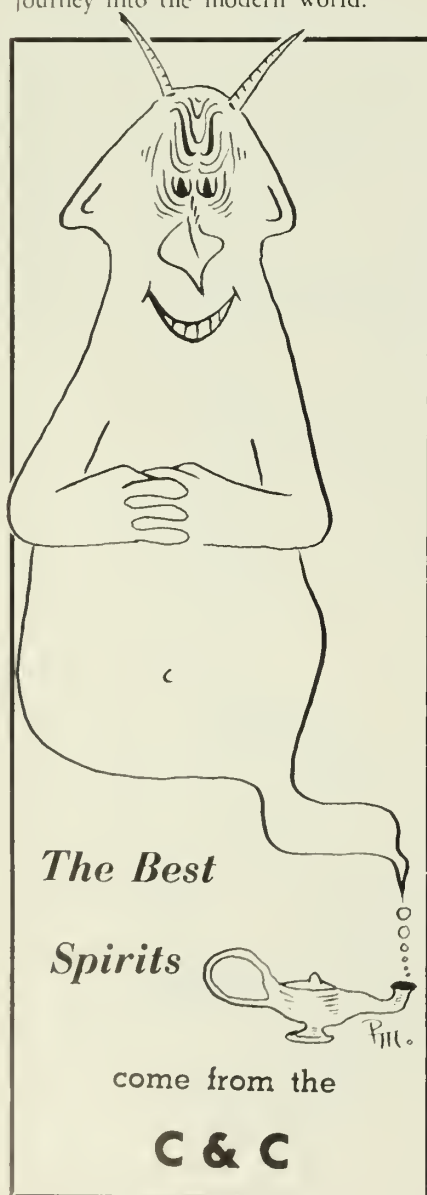


Frank & Jack

Continued from page 8

locked in the depths of concentration.

If I were to ignore this Faust, I reasoned, sooner or later he'd get himself arrested, whereupon he would undoubtedly claim he was possessed. Then we'd be written up in some exposé magazine, and my entire expansion program would be ruined just when the senate has finally appropriated the funds. So, dragging Clautious by the tail, I stepped into my private elevator, pushed the button marked "UP - AND THEN SOME", and so began a reluctant journey into the modern world.



To be brutally frank, I had one hell of a time locating this Faust individual. He had been thrown out of more rooming houses than a tuba player with the bubonic plague, and if it weren't for the fact that Clautious had his taxi handy, I would have worn out at least two complete sets of legs. As it was, the little monster charged me over twenty dollars for fare and then held out the other greedy little paw for a tip. As I subtly slipped a live coal between the grasping little fingers I made another mental note to watch my boys more carefully from now on.

We found the object of our quest in the basement room of Mother (Somebody's) boarding house, one of the moldier places I've had the privilege of exploring. Clautious waited outside for me, with the meter running, as I tiptoed through the ancient old doors and made my way cautiously towards Faust's quarters. I was just about to knock when I heard these odd, mumbling sounds from within and, noticing the door was ajar, I pushed my way inside. It was all I could do to refrain from laughing out loud.

There before me, stood Sam Faust, complete with black robe, pointed hat, moth-eaten book of magic, and a painted hexagon on the floor, around the points of which he was doing a clever little one-footed dance.

"Faust?" I asked, trying to attract his attention and at the same time keep a straight face, "Doctor Faust, I presume?"

"Shut up!" said he, and he worked it into the incantation in such a way that a truly beautiful effect was created. So, not wishing to create a scene, I covered my mouth with one hand, just in case, and sat quietly down to await a more opportune moment to introduce myself. There was something about the one-footed dance that fascinated me anyway, especially the part where he tripped on the cape and fell flat on his face.



"I understand you've been looking for me," I said at length. This stopped him cold.

"Are you the 'Evil One'?" he asked, with a definite note of respect in his voice that bolstered my ego no end.

"Well, let's not get personal," I answered, "but perhaps if you'd remove that ridiculous outfit, we could sit down and talk this thing out."

"'Ridiculous outfit'?" he asked, as though he had misunderstood me.

"Yes," I answered, "'ridiculous outfit', and while you're at it you can cease the stupid dance also!" To illustrate my point I balanced on one foot and hopped around the hexagon as I had watched him do it.

Before I knew what had happened, Faust had thrown off the cape, raced across the room, and nailed a wooden circle over the door. "There," he said, with a note of pride in his voice, "you are trapped! This circle you see before you is a charm which no evil spirit may pass! I made it myself with

instructions from this ancient book!" As he attempted to wave the book in front of my nose I sauntered nonchalantly over to the door, removed the circle, and as I broke it into many small pieces I remarked to Sam, "Very nice, very nice indeed." Poor Sam's eyes were like saucers as he thumbed through his book mumbling something about how I shouldn't have been able to do that, over and over again.

"Now look Sam," I began, in my most friendly manner.

"My name is Faust," he interrupted, looking at me as though he owned the Chrysler Building, "and it will be Doctor Faust to you."

"Look Sam," I continued, losing my cheery disposition for the second time that day, "I'm a very busy man, so just spurt out what's on your pointed little brain and let's get this thing over and done with!" Sam and Clautious had a lot in common.

"Aha!" said Sam, scaling the book across the room, "I knew it would

work! Now, hear my bidding, Oh Spirit. I desire to bargain for your property."

"Sam," I observed, "that was very dramatic and worthy of television, but I have no property with which to bargain." I hadn't seen such a look of surprise on anybody's face since the first politician made heaven.

"But . . . once you ruled half the earth."

"True," I agreed, "all very true, but that was before the feds got me for non-payment of taxes, and now the government is building G.I. homes on some of my nicest swamps." Sam's hand trembled slightly as he held a match to the cigarette I had just placed in my wrought iron holder.

"Surely," he began, somewhat hesitantly, "surely you have something left. Come, I'll touch your cloak and together we'll be borne away to . . ."

"Get your decrepit hands off my new tweed suit," I roared, losing all patience, "it cost me over twenty dollars to find you in the first place and any further traveling to be done will be sponsored by you!" Sam looked something like a cocker spaniel I had once kicked in the mouth.

"But . . . everybody says the Devil can fly," he muttered at length.

"Sam," I corrected, trying very hard to remain calm, "remember what I told you about getting personal?"

Same just sat down on the edge of the bed he had pushed against the wall and stared blankly at me as I tried the one-footed dance around the hexagon again, snapping my fingers to keep time. "What about apparitions?" he murmured.

"Now Sam," I answered, sitting down beside him and putting my arm around his shoulder, "this is a very sore subject with me. I gave up apparitions four years ago after I had donned my finest cloak and appeared to a group of high school hoods. While I was jumping up and down and waving my hands in the finest traditions of the game, one of the

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little wretches clobbered me from behind with a tire iron and the next thing I knew I was lying face down in an alleyway, resplendent in my underwear. Needless to say, such goings on are bad for underworld morale."

"Perhaps you tried the wrong element?" he asked, brightening a little.

"I tried it two weeks before that in an old ladies' home and some musclebound creature in a wheel chair shoved an umbrella in my eye." As I spoke I happened to look out the window just in time to see Clautious banging the meter to make it run faster.

Sam just sat there, staring at me again with two enormous eyes. "Look Sam," I began, in my most fatherly fashion, "people today have outgrown me. They rough up my boys, ridicule anyone who speaks of us seriously, and only consider the possibility that we might exist when it's close to the end. Don't you think I'd

like to see the old days back again? The times when mothers could frighten their children half out of their wits by saying I'd get them if they weren't good? I wouldn't go near a little kid today if you paid me. Sam, it just isn't safe to be roaming the world any more. Also, it's unnecessary, because if someone wants me bad enough, some day, somewhere, they'll find me. But you, you puzzle me. You're a young man, a handsome young man if I do say so. Aren't there any 'good' spirits you could be summoning? What could you possibly hope to gain by bargaining eternity with me?"

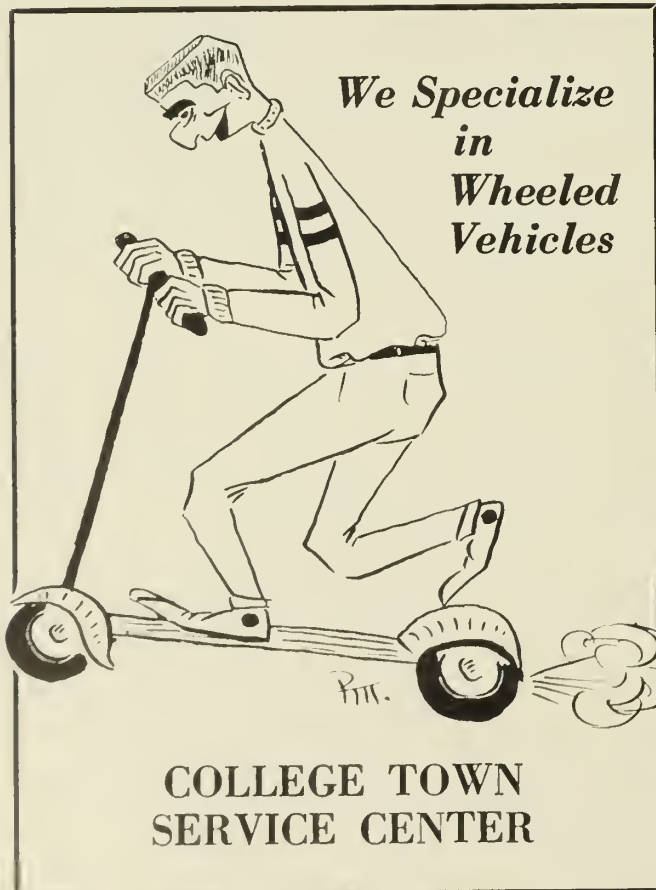
"It wasn't for me," Sam insisted, as he ran his fingers through his fiery red hair and kicked the pointed hat across the room, "it was for Peggy."

"'Peggy'?" I repeated, as I felt the plot thickening, "and was 'Peggy' trying to summon me too? Or is this some kind of a new family game?"

"No," Sam explained, "Peggy is my girl, and she doesn't know anything about this! It's just that we were planning to get married until I lost my job in the garage by trying to get rid of the knock in a Caddie engine by exorcising it."

"You were unsuccessful in this remarkable endeavor?"

"The whole damn car blew up next day," Sam sighed, as he sat down heavily on the bed again.



"Now Sam," I advised, "it seems to me that any girl who won't marry a fellow because he's temporarily unemployed, isn't worth the dynamite to blow her to . . ."

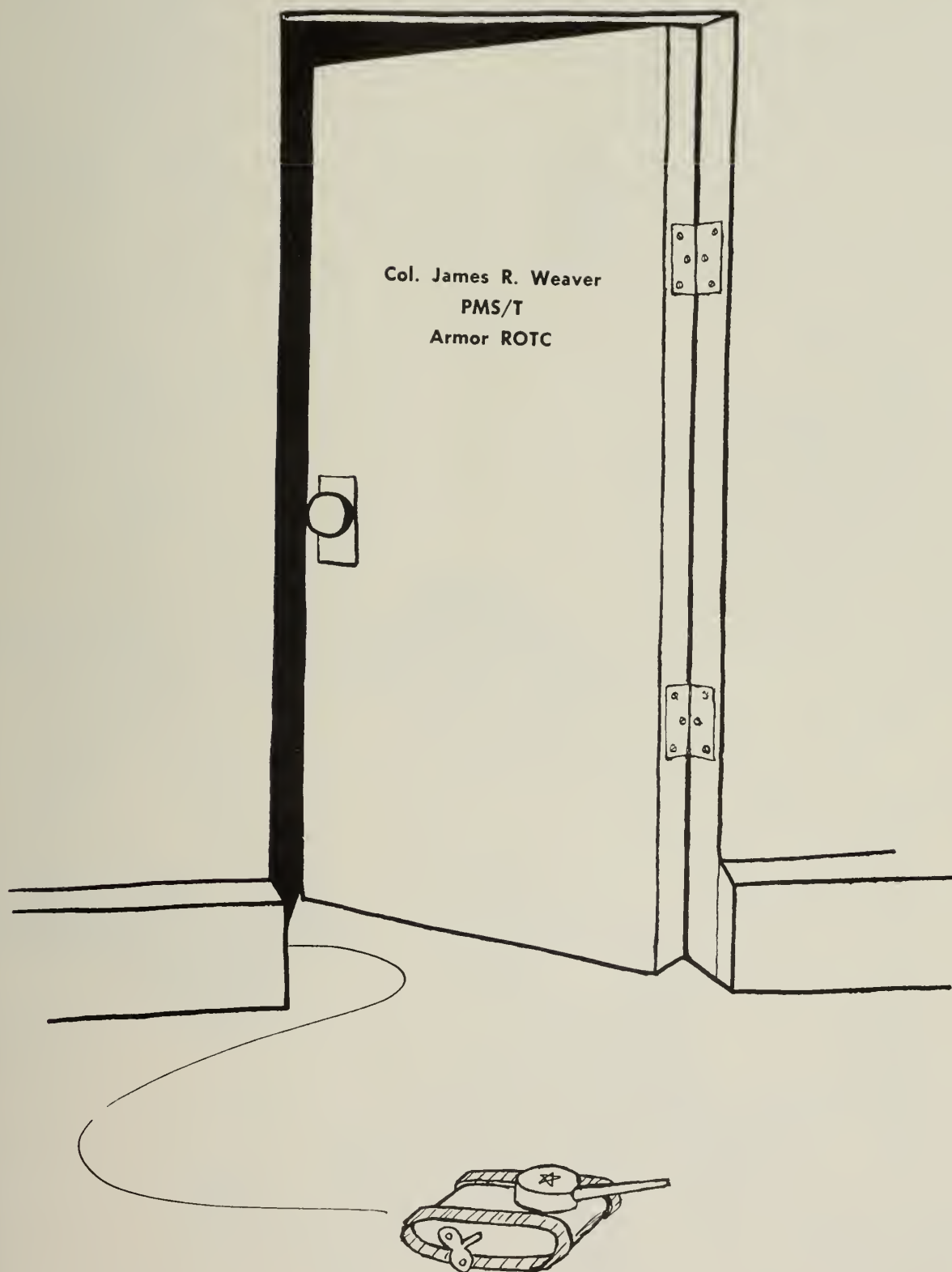
"No, no!" Sam interrupted, "you don't understand! She's perfectly willing to marry me as I am! But do you think I'd marry her until I can afford to support her the way she should be supported?"

"Oh," I replied, the light having dawned, "and you hoped that by bargaining with me . . ."

"Exactly," Sam agreed, nodding his head gravely, "exactly."

Time was at a premium, I reasoned, as I tried the one-footed dance around the hexagon again, and if anything was ever going to be done for Sam it had to be done now. I was so engrossed by the first wholesome thoughts I'd experienced in centuries that at first I failed to hear the gentle rap upon Sam's door. Expecting to see Clautious stick his revolting head inside to ask for parking meter change the minute Sam opened the door, I poised by his side with my hands high above my head in preparation for the pounce on Clautious as soon as the opening was wide enough. Needless to say it was quite embarrassing when I looked down to find one of the prettiest little girls I've ever seen, cringing in terror before me.

Continued on page 24



Here We Go Again . . .

FAKUS—INTELLECTUALUS is a newly evolved species, arising from the late environmental change, the creeping intellectualism and anti-apathy climate currently the rage hereabouts. Espousing all causes, and venturing new frustrations, solitary specimens may be found in most dark corners, in foetal positions reading borrowed explanations of Schopenhauer. FAKUS-INTELLECTUALUS must not be associated with INTELLUCTUS-GENUINUS, whom he may resemble, from whom he borrowed the explanation.

Congregating in packs, ATHLETICUS SOPPORTOS presents a frightening sight. This species can be seen, on the sidelines—offering advice—at almost every athletic event, or in the Hatch, smelling of stale perspiration, growling at their food or swearing in order to attract notice from nearby females. ATHLETICUS SOPPORTOS should not be confused with ATHLETICUS LEGITIMUS, an intelligent life-form.



Primitive to a stage previously considered impossible, HATCHUS-RATTUS, is externally and internally vegetable-like. This species, in appearance, resembles a Gronastalski turnip enveloping a coffee-cup. HATCHUS-RATTUS is infrequently found in a corner, or round, booth; those areas are the domain of the AMORUS-IN-HATCHUS, that species being decidedly animal.



Usually found moving in a manner not unlike a palsied jelly-fish with St. Vitus Dance, the COOLUS-CATTUS, is, beneath the dark glasses, turned up collar, and sideburns, usually a misunderstood Bæotian. An identifying feature of the COOLUS-CATTUS is dirty finger-nails, an item not shared by sub species of the true JAZZUS-MUSICUS family.

WES HONEY



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SATAN AND SAM FAUST . . .

Continued from page 20

"Sam," she screamed, "who the devil is he?"

"Oh, precisely, my dear," I responded, straightening my cravat and bowing from the waist, "did you recognize me from my pictures?"

"Sam," she sobbed, throwing her arms around him in such a fashion that I could easily deduce it wasn't his soul in which she was interested, "you aren't in any trouble, are you?"

"Of course not," he answered, holding her so closely that I felt compelled to look away, "at least no more trouble than being broke and out of work at the same time."

"Then why," she continued to sob, pointing in my direction, "did that policeman try to grab me?"

"Malicious propaganda perpetuated by my enemies," I observed, bowing from the waist again in my most genteel manner, "I was expecting someone else."

"Oh, Sam," she insisted, commencing that vulgar display of affection again, "let's get out of here before it's too late and get married. You don't have to prove any-

thing to me, I want you just as you are."

"I can't," said Sam, without too much conviction I thought, "do you think I'm going to let you support a hopeless failure for the rest of your life? When I do get married, it won't be at someone else's expense." I liked this Faust, he was noble. Stupid, but noble.

"You're not a failure," she insisted, pulling him towards her as he attempted to walk away, "and don't ever say that to me again!" I could sense another vulgar scene approaching so I decided now was the time to intervene.

"Sam," I asked, "where did you learn to do this little jig around the hexagon? It amuses me immeasurably."

"Oh," Sam responded, with a wave of his hand, "it's just some foolishness I thought I'd need to summon you." Sam, I concluded, would be forever blind.

"Well," I observed, "it looks to me like you might have another Mambo Craze on your hands."

"Mambo Craze?" queried Sam.

"Mambo Craze," I repeated, "don't you see the connection? I like it, and I don't usually like anything. An average person would probably consider you a genius for having invented it."

"A genius?" murmured Sam, "invented it?"

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"Certainly," I assured him, "I can see it now, sweeping the country, 'Everybody's doing it, the Sam Faust Hexagon Hop!'" I balanced on one foot and tried it again while Peggy clapped her hands to keep time. "Your fortune is made Sam!" I observed.

"You mean," asked Sam, straining, "that people would pay good money to learn how to do this?"

"Well," I answered, stopping short with one foot still in the air, "it's got starving to death beaten hands down."

"Oh, Sam," screams the girl, as she practically leaps upon him, "do as he says! You know how fads catch on! This is what we've been waiting..."

"No," Sam interrupted, pointing at me, "it was his idea and we have no right to..."

"Ta ta, Sam," I cut him off, "you are hereby granted full rights. I wouldn't stay up here any longer than I possibly had to for all the royalty checks in the world."

"What does he mean 'up here'?" whispered the girl in a voice that could have been heard a block away.

"It's very involved," answered Sam, taking her in his arms, "maybe someday I'll explain." I felt it was time to look out the window again, and as I did, I observed Clautious, backing up and driving forward as the meter jumped higher with each turn of the wheel.

"Well," I began, clearing my throat to attract their attention, "if you'll excuse us now, your book and I that is, we'll be on our way."

"I guess I owe you a lot," muttered Sam, shaking my hand as he shifted his feet awkwardly.

"We both owe you a lot," chimed in Peggy, "will we see you again sometime soon?"

"I really don't know, my dear," I chuckled, looking at the blushing Sam, "do you think we'll meet again?"

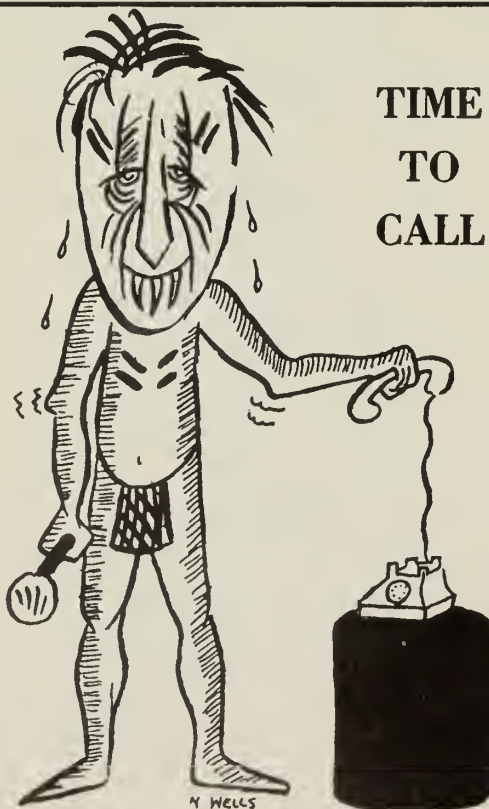
"I doubt it," smiled Sam, as he locked the little girl in his arms, "I doubt it very much." For the first time in my existence I actually hoped...but the girl broke my train of thought as she opened the door for me and saw Clautious waiting at the curb.

"Oh, Good Grief," she whispered, so as to almost deafen me, "you'd better wait here for another cab. I've seen that man in action before and, as Sam would say, he drives like..."

"Precisely, my dear," I interrupted, as I nudged back the meter while climbing in, "precisely."

(END)

ED McMANUS



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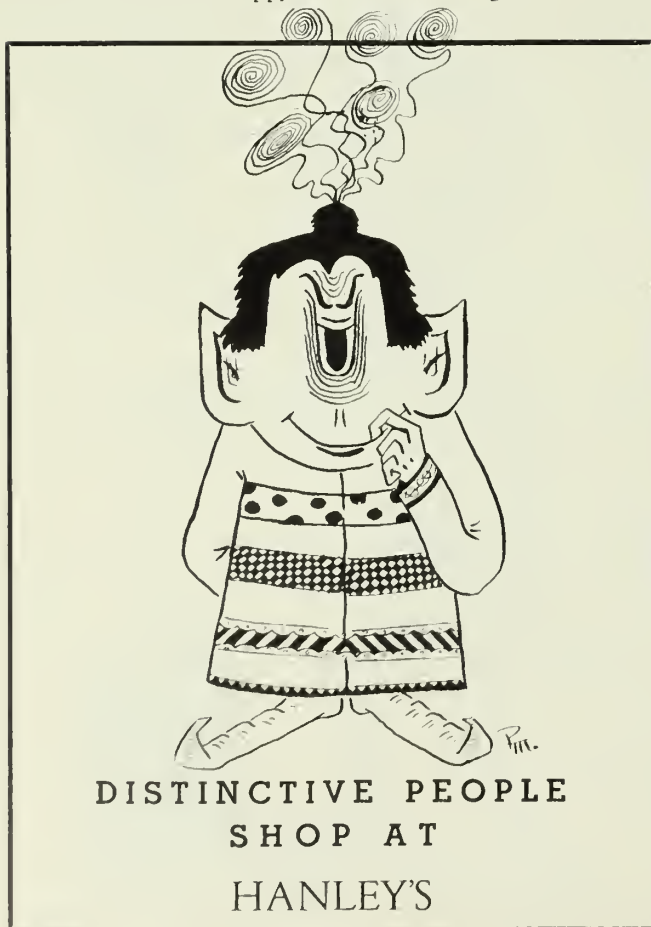
ZIPPY

Zippy sat quietly contemplating the embarrassment of the previous evening. His mind recalled every detail slowly. In fact, everything about Zippy was slow, a fact which did not long escape his classmates. It had been mentioned by them that he was so dumb he'd have to study to pass a blood test.

Public opinion was not bothering Zippy though. It was the night before, the awful night before.

Zippy had raced downstairs, earlier the preceding night, and gently tapped on the house-mother's door. Mrs. Grunch was a kind soul; she realized how much Zippy wanted to look clean and tweedy, thus she never demurred when Zippy asked, realizing how it would hurt his feelings to have to ask his roommate, besides, she rather enjoyed combing his hair and tying his shoes.

Later Zippy arrived at the girl's



AH-YESSS KEITO'S



dorm and parking his new bicycle outside, mounted the steps.

Inside, awaiting him, stood Glenda. Glenda was a tall, beautiful girl, and she loved Pete, as she called him.

She could see the true Zippy through the clumsiness and dandruff. She loved him for, not what he appeared to be, but what he truly was—rich.

Guiding her gently, by the base of her neck, Zippy led her to the bicycle, and gracefully sat her upon the handlebars. Then, in an aura of romance, they pedalled off.

Glenda rested her head on Zippy's shoulder. It slid off. She made a mental note that even in padded suits his bone structure gave him an Ivy look.

"Glenda?" mumbled Zippy.

"Yes dear," came the reply.

"I like you very much."

"How nice," moaned Glenda, at the sametime agreeing that perhaps Zippy was short for zipper, a name,

many claimed, was given Pete because he had lost all his buttons.

"Could I pin you?" Zip asked excitedly.

"Catch as catch can, or Roman?" she retorted.

"Huh?"

The true significance of the request struck Glenda like a powder-blue Cadillac. "Oh, Petie! Do you really mean it?" she cried.

"Golly, yes," he smiled, his braces shining in the moonlight.

"I would be the rich—er, the happiest girl in the whole world!" she beamed, the starlight picking out dollar signs in her luminous eyes.

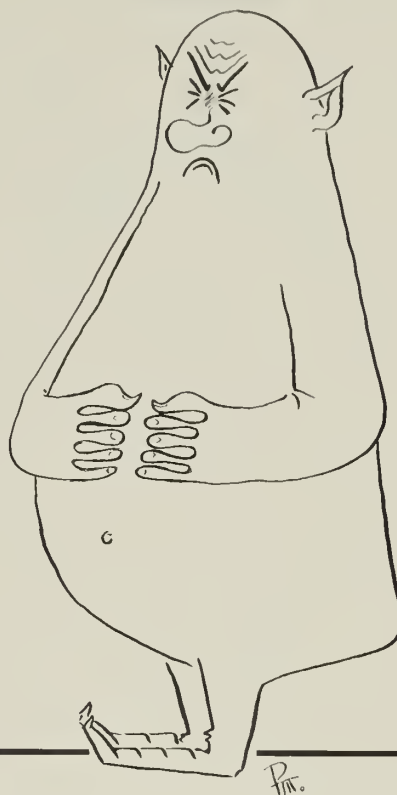
Zippy kissed her softly and began to fasten his Eagle Scout pin to her taut sweater.

The embarrassment of it all. The hissing sound of air escaping still resounded in his ears, an impression surpassing even his remembrance of Glenda's dismay, or right cross.

Wes Honey



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Three Frenchmen were discussing the meaning of *savoir faire*. The first explained, "If you come home and discover your wife in another man's arms and you say 'excuse me,' that's *savoir faire*."

"No, no," said another, who was slightly older than the first, "that's not quite right. *Savoir faire* is if you come home and find your wife in another man's arms, and you say, 'Excuse me, proceed,' that's *savoir faire*."

The third Frenchman was still older and wiser and said gravely, "No, no, my sons, neither of you quite understands the meaning. If you come home and discover your wife in the arms of another and you say, 'Excuse me, proceed,' and he proceeds, *he* has *savoir faire*."



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This man loved bulldogs, which were ugly and mean. The last one he owned was a blue ribbon winner; meaner and stronger than a middle-sized gorilla.

When he took this dog for a walk he was literally pulled along the street.

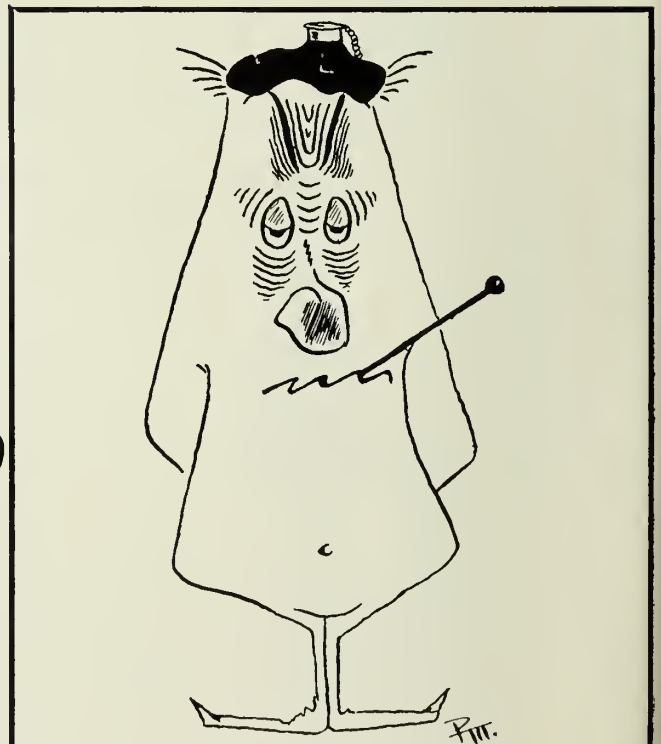
One day this mean ugly bulldog was dragging his "master" down the street when they met a little boy who was being followed by a yellow cur-looking mongrel.

The bulldog leaped to the attack.

Was he ever surprised—his owner, too! With one snap of his jaws, this yellow cur crushed the bulldog's head, leaving him dead.

With an oath, the man shouted, "Your mongrel has just killed the meanest and most valuable bulldog in the world. What kind of a dog is he, anyway?"

"I don't rightly know, mister," said the little boy. "Before I cut off his tail and painted him yellor, he wuz a alligator."



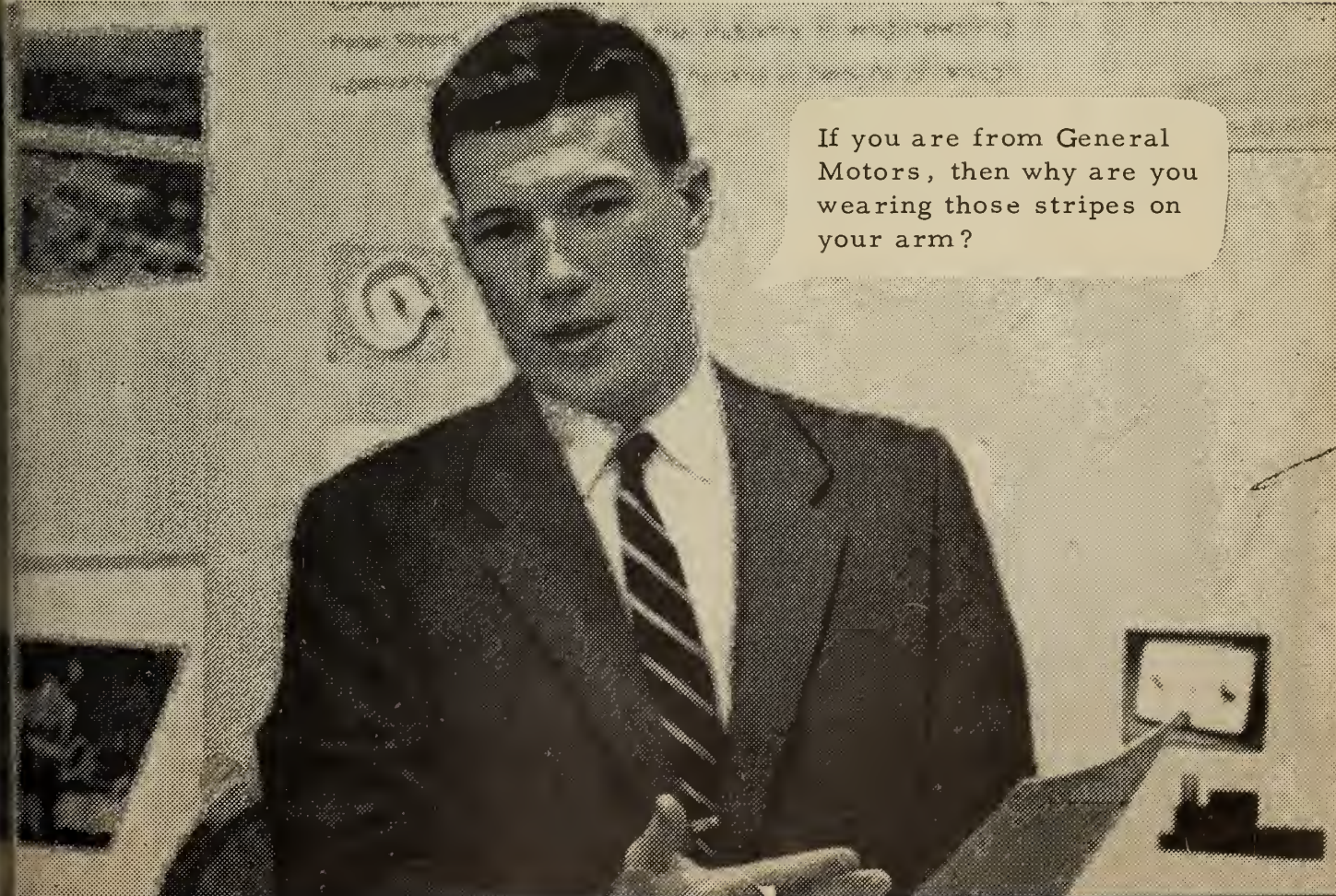
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